

Daily Eagle

M. M. HEDGECOCK, Editor.

Mrs. Lease's objection to Artz was that he was effeminate.

Cleveland is not sick, but his gigantic temper indicates that he is taking his medicine.

Artz may not go to the penitentiary. The thing to do is to exile him to Stevens county.

Cleveland is loyal to beef. Bissell, Smith and White stack up in great shape on dress parade.

The Eta Psi society of Lawrence is progressing nicely, we are glad to learn. Pumpkins, we presume.

This is proving a hard winter on cuckoo eggs, and mighty few of them will be hatched out next fall.

It is difficult to tell who is responsible for this glorious weather, but it is somebody's fine Italian hand.

Extract from new edition of Webster's dictionary: Populist—[Latin—populus, the people] a political party [Obs.]

Four weeks of such weather as we have had ought to be enough to satisfy the most disgruntled ground hog in the hole.

A Pennsylvania Republican paper makes the innocent inquiry: "Where are the Democrats?" Look under Grow's majority.

President Diaz says Mexico financially is all right. This is one of the ablest things Diaz ever enunciated through his sombrero.

Benham, if he puts himself to too much trouble in getting fresh water for English boats, will get himself in hot water with his own country.

Carl Schurz has been heard from to the extent of admitting that Cleveland is a failure. Cleveland is too smart to confirm the statement by giving Schurz recognition.

The more we study eastern colleges, the more we are impressed that education is a great and glorious thing, if you can get it without incidentally murdering some one.

Even states' prisons are not exempt from the compromising effects of the general industrial stagnation. In the Missouri pen there are said to be 900 idle convicts, the result of no market for their products.

The guardians of the public health at the Atlantic ports want to redouble their precautions against the introduction of foreign epidemic diseases next summer. When the Wilson bill goes into effect free frags and shoddy clothes from the population centers of Europe will roll into this country by the ship load, all contaminated.

The Northwest Miller, published at Minneapolis, says that 90 per cent of the mills of the west and northwest have closed down. This cannot be on account of the price of wheat for that is unprecedentedly low. It is explained, probably, in the heavy falling off in the export demand which is supplied mainly by the mill mentioned.

In the good old Republican days about 20,000,000 wage earners earned an average of \$2 per day or a total of \$40,000,000 per day. It is estimated that this has been cut down one half, making a loss of \$20,000,000 per day to the people who labor. The merchant and manufacturer is selling just that much less daily, and the clearing house reports indicate a good deal less.

The old question of "which is the mother of the chicken, the hen that lays the egg or the one that hatches it" is giving the Populists a deal of concern just now. For the life of them they can't tell which of the two old parties are responsible for the times. From the amount of cackling and clucking these Pops indulge in one would conclude that they did the whole business—and they have done a full share.

A forage plant called spurry is attracting some attention among eastern farmers. From the description given it is somewhat similar to alfalfa though not superior in any particular and inferior in some. Alfalfa has stood the test of experimentation in this state and section and has demonstrated its special adaptability to our soil and climate conditions.

Some capitalists of the Rockefeller type are talking of shortening the lake route from Chicago east, by constructing a canal across the state of Michigan. Fifty million dollars is said to be behind the scheme. It would shorten the haul and cheapen the rates of freights on western products to the east, somewhat, but not enough to meet the competitive demand for the opening of natural outlets from the west and southwest via the Gulf.

There seems to be disposition on the part of Democratic leaders all over the country to hold the party conventions early this year. They hope thereby to counteract the disastrous effects of the party's doings in congress, which have been a continual series of blunders. But it is a foolish hope; the money, more, etc., is written upon the wall and cannot be wiped off by further resolves and promises for the future. Mr. Lincoln's observation about fooling the people is especially pertinent here and now.

In view of the fact that Pennsylvania generally gives about 80,000 Republican majority, we fall to see just why the Republicans are so jubilant—Dem. Ex. The usual 80,000 majority would not, perhaps, be cause for special jubilation on the part of Republicans, but if more than double the usual majority—an unprecedented figure—is caused by gratification nothing in that direction would be. Suppose the usual majority had been reduced by even one-fourth, would Democrats have discovered no significance in it?

A NATION'S THERLDOM.

Hon. W. P. Hackney appears in the Winfield Public Platform in a thirteen column contribution on the troubles of our times and what is necessary for the people to do to save the country. The paper is as strong as it is long, and although much too long is not at all to sum up all the wrongs of the people and their remedies in fifteen thousand words, it would be useless to try to get the people to read so much. Many of them would rather suffer the ills that class legislation and corrupt combination have entailed than to wade through fifteen thousand words. That these are times wherein our servants have become our masters we freely admit, times which everybody seems to be deploring, such times only as could grind out fifteen thousand words from a single individual, but their anomalous conditions will one way or another adjust themselves to wholesome relations and in doing so right all wrongs. If we turn to history we will find that the culmination of the oppressions of all the past have been effaced in blood. The highest civilization known to man would hardly presume on an ultimatum now, but we assume our friend Hackney that a social and political revolution, such as the world never saw, is pending—imminent. The weapons will be pens and tongues, and there will be despair and death, but tears instead of blood.

SONS OF VETERANS INSURANCE.

The Sunflower division of the Kansas Sons of Veterans, at the reunion last week, completed the organization of a mutual life insurance plan as a regular department, in conformity with and along the lines of the mutual insurances supported by several of the secret orders of brotherhood. This seems to have been a very wise move. No line of life insurance is so cheap and none so sure of payment. Defalcations are impossible. One hundred sons enrolled in the new plan for which constitution and bylaws have been adopted. There are 3,000 sons of veterans belonging to the Sunflower division of Kansas. With the adoption of the plan of insurance the number ought to be doubled or quadrupled without effort. Applications for insurance, including all necessary explanations and full information can be had by application by letter to T. A. Hubbell, adjutant Dodge City, M. A. Carvin, Wichita, was elected treasurer. No better man could have been found in the state for the place. In this plan there is no capital stock, and no expense for high salaried officers. The entire business is done within the order and by its officers.

OUT ON THE SPOTTER.

A druggist named Keys, of Horton has got into deep trouble over monkeying with the prohibitory law, and not having a friend at court, as was the good fortune of the Hiawatha druggist in his next friend, Rev. Embree, he had to pursue the thread of the law and is now before the state supreme court on an appeal. The case takes on special interest from the circumstance that the "spotter" policy of prosecution under the law is on trial in the case. The defendant was convicted of selling intoxicating liquors from behind the prescription case of a drug store and was sentenced to pay a fine of \$100 and costs. A motion for a new trial was overruled by the supreme court, hence the appeal.

It appears that the prosecuting witness and another witness were "spotters" and went to the drug store for the purpose of entrapping Keys into making a sale, in which they succeeded, buying the drinks and then taking a half pint away with them. This was in February, 1893, and the case never came to trial until the 7th instant.

The United States court has ruled out spotter testimony and it would be an excellent thing if all the courts would follow its example. The spotter is one of the curses and blights in modern civilization and especially in a prohibition state.

When hard times touch bottom, business adjusts itself to prevailing conditions and circumstances and sets about a renewing activity. It would seem that we have reached that point. There are some who think the worst effects of the 1893 depression are not passed, but there are as evident improvement in many lines, though its progress is slow, and probably will be for a time. The greatest activity will be asserted and for a season be maintained in real estate. The general suspension of operation in the industrial centers, with uncertain prospects for prompt resumption, though a certainty of a cut in wages whenever operations shall be resumed, is driving thousands of idle operatives into the rural districts, and many will go to work on farms either for wages or on their own account where holdings can be secured. Not a little of the idle capital of the country will seek—seeking—employment in the same channel and from the same cause.

There is said to be a set of schemers engaged in selling tracts of lands in Mexico for colonist purposes, to which lands they have no shadow of title, but by reason of the low prices and alleged advantages to settlers, such as climate, soil and cheap living, they are finding some takers. They have no agents in Kansas. With greater advantages possessed by this state in everything necessary to make a desirable home, nobody would think of going from Kansas to Mexico to reside. And people outside the state who make the necessary inquiry into the matter will not be inquisitive of the country. They will come to Kansas to secure homes; they are now coming in companies.

The Populists are a good deal like the man who was starving but refused a piece of bread because it was not a whole loaf. They declare against the Democratic idea of tariff reforms, as embodied in the Wilson bill, but supported it in the house because of the income tax feature that was tacked onto the bill because it is the only step towards free trade. President Harrison expressed the objection held by the Republicans to the Democratic tariff reform notion when he declared that it is the direction rather than the length of the step, toward free trade. Here is one instance where the Pops do not dissemble, which is more than he claimed for their confederates, the Democrats.

HE WAS DISCOURAGED.

For the Eagle.
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
(Born Feb. 27, 1807. Died March 24, 1882.)
Not sweeter are the tokens of affection
That crown thy tomb.
Today with bloom,
Than is of thee our grateful recollection—
An amaranth exhalant in perfume.
Dear poet-friend, thy earnest sympathy—
Chord tenderest in all thy minstrelsy—
Awaketh a response in every heart.
Still thou dost live
Therein, to give
Thy ministrations to humanity.
Because an influence sweet, and art,
M. E. M. RICHARDSON.

Representative McCrory of Kentucky is understood to be a fast friend to Congressman Breckinridge, but he draws the line at being called the cock cuckoo of the house, even if it is given because of his championship of Cleveland's Hawaiian miscue.

ABOUT WICHITA'S GRAIN RATE.

WICHITA, KANSAS, Feb. 24, 1894.
To the Editor of the Eagle.
DEAR SIR—I have noticed the several articles in your paper about the success of the reduced freight rates on groceries, coal and lumber for Wichita, to confirm with river towns, all of which is good as far as it goes, but it is very little in comparison with what Kansas ships out. Please compare the rate in eastern states: Chicago commission rate on grain to New York is 25 cents per hundred pounds for one thousand miles, and St. Louis commission rate to New York is 28 cents per hundred pounds for twelve hundred miles. This morning's paper says that railroads have reduced the rate from Chicago to New York to 20 cents per hundred pounds and St. Louis followed suit and put theirs to 28 cents. Kansas City rate to New Orleans is 19 cents per hundred pounds all the year, a distance of about 1000 miles. We are charged 16 cents per hundred pounds to Kansas City, a distance of 225 miles, and from Wichita to New Orleans 35 cents per hundred. The distance from Kansas City to New Orleans is the same and yet we are charged 16 cents a hundred and yet we are charged 16 cents a hundred. But the rate that is a water route (but I will let the red apples that a train is loaded with grain in Kansas City, it is still on the cars when it gets to New Orleans.) To Galveston from Wichita the distance is 730 miles and the rate on wheat is 32 cents, say 13 cents more per hundred than from Kansas City to New Orleans. How much longer will the people of Kansas, yes, of Wichita, stand such outrageous charges? Just look at these figures:
Kansas raises about 230,000,000 bushels of grain in ordinary times, out of which they ship about 150,000,000 bushels. If Wichita should get a rate to Galveston of 19 or 20 cents per hundred pounds, the ship could ship about 150,000,000 bushels of grain within a radius of seventy-five miles on the east and north and all the western part of the state and it would make a very material showing on Wichita's bank clearance. Just look at the saving of 5 cents per hundred pounds on 150,000,000 of grain, wheat, corn, oats, rye and barley average them at 50 pounds to the bushel, would be a saving to Kansas of \$7,500,000 a year. There is no reason that grain should cost over 10 cents per hundred from here to Kansas City. I have talked to the grain men here. Some of them think if they had a grain elevator here, the reduced rates would follow. I think it doubtful, we have the packing house, car works and a number of other enterprises, but the freighters are against them. On the contrary got the rates, the elevators and moneyed men will follow. Another thing, in the eastern states the price of a thousand mile ticket is \$29 and west of the Mississippi river the price \$25, twenty per cent more. It can't be said that railroads cost more in Kansas than in eastern states, nor can it be said that the railroads have not business enough. And that they are in hands of the receivers, would state here, with the land grants, bonds and the over-charges that some of them have received in Kansas, their stock should be worth way above par, if they had quit selling bonds after the roads were built.

Now then, can we lay our grievance before the state and interstate railroad commissioners? I ask the question. If so, there will be no trouble for the Wichita board of trade to call all the southwestern grain men here, also a committee of the board of trade from New Orleans and Galveston, to agree about action for the just rights in the matter.

What Kansas and Wichita want is a freight rate on grain to New Orleans instead of 35 cents per 100 pounds, 19 cents per hundred pounds, the same that Kansas City has, the distance is not as great, and to Galveston about 18 cents per hundred instead of 32 cents, as the distance is 250 miles less, and the local rate to Wichita should not be more than 6 cents to 10 cents per hundred. There is no reason that the Kansas farmer should get less money for his grain than a farmer in Indiana or any of the middle states as we have less than 700 miles to tide water from the southern part of the state. OBSERVER.

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EXCHANGE EPITOMES.

While Moses was no college man, And never played football, Rushes he was known to be The first one of them all.

Time to Stop.

From the Sterling Bulletin and Gazette.
Populism has given to Kansas the enervating doctrine of special privilege, the destructive heresy of anarchy, the unfair practice of nepotism, and a wide-spread distrust of the credit of our state. It thinks it is time to stop.

Able Leadership.

From the Emporia Gazette.
The election of Judge W. P. Campbell of Wichita, department commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Ed H. Madison of Dodge City, commander of the Sons of Veterans of Kansas, places these two grand patriotic orders under able leadership for the coming year.

Two Kansas Precedents.

From the Lawrence World.
The governor of Texas may have a chance to pardon himself out of the penitentiary for killing a deer "contrary to the statutes." A police judge at Hutchinson once fined himself for being in a house of easy virtue and a state senator from Salina while acting as judge pro tem once fined himself for gambling.

Eastern the Jump.

From the Emporia Republican.
If Artz gets into trouble with Kansas justice we suppose he will hide out to Missouri. Beginning with Colorado his progress eastward has been slow but sure. If he continues in the "reform" work he will sooner or later have to jump into the Atlantic ocean.

HE WAS DISCOURAGED.

From the New York Journal.
A man who seemed thoroughly down on his luck walked into the Lehigh Valley station the other afternoon and looked around curiously.
After peering into every corner of the place, he strolled over to the ticket window and asked:
"Is this here the Lehigh Valley depot?"
"Yes, sir," answered the ticket agent.
"Strike on the road, I hear?"
"Yes."
"Suppose I can't get a ticket down to Wilkesbarre, can I?"
"Yes."
"But the trains ain't going to run are they?"
"Oh, yes, they are."
"Strike all along the line?"
"Something of a strike, yes."
"Then how're you going to run trains?"
The agent raised his voice. "Now, see here," he said, "I told you that you could get a train to Wilkesbarre. Do you want to go?"
"The man counted out loose change and laid it down on the window ledge. 'Guess I will,' he said."
He was given a ticket and walked over and sat down on a bench. He examined his ticket carefully and shifted around in his seat uneasily, says the Buffalo Express. After ten minutes he went to the window again. "Say," he said, "that train's likely to run off the track ain't it?"
"No," said the agent shortly.
"Strikers probably will put rails on the track, or something, won't they?"
"I should say not."
"But I mean they may be some danger in ridin' down there to Wilkesbarre; won't they?"
"Not a bit."
"More'n likely something'll happen, though, don't you think?"
"No, I don't think. There will be no more danger than on an ordinary occasion, and that is just none at all."

The man went over and sat down again. He was evidently bothered, for, after another ten-minute wait, he walked over to the window again. "Sure I won't get hurt?" he asked, anxiously.
"Now, see here," said the ticket agent firmly. "I want you to understand that there is not the remotest danger of your getting hurt. The trip will be absolutely safe. You needn't be nervous about it at all."

The man walked slowly toward the door. "Just my darn luck," he said, as he passed out. "Here, I've gone and put all my money in a ticket, thinkin' the train might be run off the track, and me get hurt, so's I could get a case of damages, but there's no more danger than if I was to stay here. I'm a dead Jonah, that's what I am."

HAD NO CAUSE TO WORRY.

From the Detroit Free Press.
There was a motherly-looking old lady sitting in the midst of her bundles at the depot the other day, when a man with a grip sat down beside her and began to read a newspaper. She eyed him pretty sharply for a few minutes and then inquired:
"Any good news in the papers, today?"
"Nothing very extraordinary," he replied.
"See anything from Howell?"
"Not yet."
"I'm from Howell, or pretty near it. Bin down here visitin' my sister. Haven't bin here but two weeks, but it seems a hull year. Only got one letter from Joseph, and about all he said in that was that he took his pen in hand to inform me that he was well, and hoped these few lines would find me the same, which they did. I'm a little worried. Don't find any item there about a house or barn burnin' up near Howell?"
"No, ma'am."
"Joseph was breaking a colt when I came away. Don't see anything about a farmer gittin' his neck broke or bein' kicked to death?"
"Nothing of the sort, ma'am."
"Anything about any one falling down a well or off a haymow?"
"No, ma'am."
"Joseph is awful reckless, but maybe he's got through all right. Anything about a mad dog biting anybody, or a gun bustin' and blowin' a man's head off while he was shootin' at a hawk?"
"Nothing whatever. I think you will get home and find everything all right."
"I hope so, but two weeks is a long time to be away, and I'm naturally given to worry more or less. I expect the pigs had got out of the pen two or three times, and I suppose the colts have broke out again and Joseph has left the cellar door open every night, but if it's worse I shall be a thankful woman."

"Here's an item about a farmer running away with the hired girl while his wife was absent," said the man as he turned the paper.
"Do tell! Well, that don't skeer me any. I didn't leave no hired girl there, and Joseph is so awful homey that even the sheep dodge him. Much obliged to you. I expect to find things a little topsy-turvy, but I guess there ain't no call to worry."

MANAGING A WIFE.

From the Detroit Free Press.
A man who came into Detroit by way of the Flint & Pere Marquette road the other day wanted to know of a policeman where a certain street was, and whereabouts in that street a certain eating house could be found, and as he fell to talking he unbuttoned himself. His wife had skipped out and come to Detroit, and was working in the kitchen of the eating house referred to, and he had come to see her. He was a plain, every-day man, whose home was in a Michigan village, and he was taking the matter very calmly. When the officer expressed some surprise at this he replied:

"Oh, there ain't any particular hurry about it, you know. It's over three months since she skipped, and I thought I wouldn't rush things. I'm boardin' with a widder at three dollars a week, washin' included, and I've rented my house for ten dollars a month."

"How did she come to leave you?" was asked.
"Well, she's my third, you see. I'd saved most of the clothes of the other two and she wanted 'em. I didn't think it looked just right, and she flew off the handle. Got up in the night and crawled out of a window onto a shed to get away. Waited at the depot all one day to have me follow and coax her back but I didn't do it."

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HE GOT A SHAVE.

From the New York Sun.
Capt. Channey, retired, of Brooklyn, had his beard shaved off recently in New York, and many men have lost beards in the same way before. Capt. Channey, however, will never do it again. As the barber was using his shears he said:
"Haf you a fembly?"
"Yes," said the captain, "a wife and two children."

"Since ven was your viskers shaved alretty?"
"Not for twenty years."
"So?" murmured the barber. "Vell, all I got to say is as dot your fembly won't know you yet. Dot's all."

Capt. Channey's beard had parted artistically and was by no means ordinary. After paying the barber for his work and his compliments, Capt. Channey stopped in to see a friend on business.

"Good-morning, Blank," he said; "have you sent that check to—"
"What check, sir? Wh-a-a-a! Channey!"
That was discouraging, but Mr. Blank made it all right by saying: "Channey, old man, pardon my surprise, but I have never seen you with a beard. Really it makes you look ten years younger. It does, for a fact."

Capt. Channey left New York to face his wife and children with a lack of confidence. He fingered his latch key nervously, and wondered if the hall lights were burning low. Before he had shed his overcoat Mrs. Channey was there to greet him with a kiss. She turned up her face with the usual greeting. Her eyes met the captain's and then dropped to his smoothly-shaven chin.

"Oh, Channey, how could you do it? How could you? Oh!" said Mrs. Channey, drawing back.
"It was a barber, my dear," said the captain, remembering now what the barber had said about his beard and his fembly."

"But, Channey, how dreadful! I will have to get used to you by degrees. Don't stand in that strong light, my dear. Oh, it's too dreadful, and what will the girls say? Channey, they mustn't see you until I have prepared them. It will be a shock."

Capt. Channey enjoyed his dinner and his courage came back. Mrs. Channey talked about the missionary box she was making up and occasionally stole a glance at her husband. Capt. Channey went to a business meeting at the church, and when the writer called at the Channey house later that evening he found all the lights burning low. Capt. Channey was on a couch in the darkest corner of the room and Mrs. Channey still thought it was dreadful. "I shall get accustomed to it," she said, "and perhaps I shall approve. The girls haven't seen the captain yet."

"Why, my dear," said Capt. Channey, "I feel as I did when I was at West Point. My beard was a nuisance. Very few people wear beards now, and I'm glad it's gone. There was more apology than glory in this remark."
"Well, Channey," said his wife, "I might have expected something like this. It is the logical sequence of a man with two children who begins to smoke cigarettes. They weaken the intellect, and, anyway, they don't smell so nice as cigars. Channey, I'll forgive you on the condition that you will stop smoking cigarettes."

HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

From the Detroit Free Press.
In the cabin of a Windsor ferry-boat the other afternoon was a well-dressed man who carried his hand to his jaw now and then and uttered a stifled

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PHELPS' Cough, Cold and Croup Cure

IS GUARANTEED!

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied. 50 CENTS AT ALL DRUGGISTS. WOODWARD, FAXON & CO. Kansas City, Mo., Manufacturers.

COMBINED.

The Kansas State Medical and Surgical Institute and Sanatorium, Dr. Terrill President, and the Wichita Medical and Surgical Institute and Eye and Ear Infirmary, Dr. Purdy Proprietor and Surgeon in chief, have combined the two institutions which will be known hereafter as the Terrill-Purdy Medical and Surgical Institute, and Eye and Ear Infirmary. The above is a cut of the instrument used at the Terrill-Purdy Institute for the examination of catarrh and all nose and throat diseases. Instruments and medicine furnished for home treatment. A written guarantee in every case.

DISEASES OF WOMEN—Dr. Terrill has made Diseases of Women a specialty for the past twenty years, and has taken several courses of private instruction in gynecology under some of the leading specialists of the east. This wonderful curative effects of Electricity in the diseases of women are daily demonstrated by Dr. Terrill at the Terrill-Purdy Medical and Surgical Institute.

A SURE CURE TO YOUNG AND MIDDLE AGED MEN.
We guarantee to cure you or no pay. **NEURALGIC DISEASES**—Dr. Terrill wishes to call the attention of those suffering from Nervous Diseases, Paralysis, Neuritis, Neurasthenia, Spinal Weakness, Etc., to the wonderful curative effects of Electricity when scientifically applied.

OUR EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY.
Is in charge of Dr. Purdy. Cataract removed and sight restored after years of blindness. Cross Eyes straightened, Pterygium removed. Gravelled Lids cured (or removed) and all forms of Sore Eyes treated. Glasses scientifically fitted. Many cases of Headache, Dizziness, Nervous Prostration, Etc., are due to defective vision, are relieved by suitable glasses.

Besides the above we treat and cure the following diseases: Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Skin Diseases, Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Tape Worm, Impotency, Deafness, Loss of Manhood, Etc., Private Diseases of the Kidneys, and Bladder Diseases of the Sexual Organs, Private Diseases of Men and Women.

STURGEON—Among the diseases successfully treated we name the following: Deformities of all kinds, Curvature of the Spine, Hip Disease, White Swelling, Hare Lip, Tumors, Cancer, Ulcers, Fibroid Tumors of the Womb, Ovarian Tumors, Rupture, Hydrocele, Etc. Dr. Purdy's method is new and original, no cutting, no dissection from business. An absolute cure guaranteed or money refunded. Since adopting this method less than two years ago the doctor has a record of over 50 cases treated without a single failure.

Consultation and examination free and invited. Send for book and question blank. Address the **TERRILL-PURDY MEDICAL INSTITUTE**, 168 North Main Street, Wichita, Kansas.

scornful of father and mother and generally unendurable. It is a time for exercise of the choicest wisdom within our reach. These children are full of life and hope; they are successful in school, leaders among their mates, and so far instinct with confidence in themselves that it is not strange that they find themselves cribbed, cabined and confined by the restrictions of home. They do not realize that their parents have been through just such a series of triumphs and successes as they themselves are enjoying (and if the truth were known, were probably as disagreeably conscious of it as their children now are of their own small cleverness) and they regard the heads of the family with something which savors not remotely of contempt. It is easier for a mother to bear this than for a father, and yet the mother usually comes in for the greater share of the disdain. Some one has written that if we could realize how our mothers love us there would be a new force in the world. These children are very far from realizing it. They can not realize it until they are fathers and mothers themselves.

"No chance, no fame, No wealth of love can ever compensate For a dead mother."
But these unseeing ones, wrapped in the dense, opaque brightness of youth, have little perception of these deepest truths.
"But how shall we manage them?" asks a perplexed mother. "How can we make them listen to us, take our advice, treat us with proper respect in the presence of others, do the drudgery which falls to their share in the household work thoroughly and well, believe that when we forbid a pleasure it is for their best good—from that sharp and waspish word 'No' pluck the sting?"

In the first place do not find fault too much. Pass some things over. Do as much as you can of the neglected work, if the child has as is likely, real nobility at bottom, this course will touch his heart. We all hated drudgery at his age. Talk with him alone as much as you can. It is hard to make any impression on a child when he is surrounded by others. Show an interest in his pursuits, even if you feel none. Don't be cross to him when he litters up the reception-room and when he persistently, day after day, keeps his own room looking as much like a kennel as he can. Good Jane Bidd calls "scolding and crossness" the curse of clean women and ten times worse than the dustiest dust. Many a boy and girl, at this critical age, have been turned permanently against their homes by the fault-finding and capriciousness of over-clean mothers.

But the great general rule (to adapt the directions in the "Fairie Queen") is "Be patient, and again be patient—but be not too patient." A little wholesome spirit in parents is a good thing now and then for these "bumpkins" children. One must, in short, apply to the dominion of the home what Tennyson has written of a great kingdom, or republic, in which "the common sense of most hold a faithful realm in awe." The great gift of common sense is never more needed than during the age of disrespect.

HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.
From the Detroit Free Press.
In the cabin of a Windsor ferry-boat the other afternoon was a well-dressed man who carried his hand to his jaw now and then and uttered a stifled

groat. After a bit a fellow-passenger had his curiosity aroused and brusquely queried:
"Toothache?"
"Yes."
"Is she holler?"
"I expect so."
"Gives a sort of wiggle and then jumps on you now and then, don't she?"
"Yes. Great snakes! How I suffer!"

"I've been there and know all about it. If she's holler and has the jumps it ain't no use foolin' around. What you want to do is to go to a dentist."

"Um! Jerusha, but how it aches!"
"Go right to the dentist and have it yanked out. Man with a toothache always feels a little scared about having it yanked, but that's all imagination, you know."

"I'd rather be shot," groaned the sufferer.

"Oh, phaw! Go to some dentist who gives laughing gas. He'll give you gas and take that tooth out without your knowing it. I pledge you my word it won't hurt any more than paring off a finger nail."

"Um! What a liar! G'way from me!"
"Why, man, I pledge you my word that you'll never—"
"Don't talk to me! I know all about it! I have been a dentist myself for the past fifteen years!"
"Oh, you have!" growled the other as he backed away. "Well, that's different. It will not only seem to you as if your blamed old head was being pulled off your shoulders, but your jaw will ache for two weeks after, and I'm durned glad of it, too!"

Preferred the Call.